

SM2912

# KISS ME AGAIN

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Music by  
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Moderato

KEY B $\flat$  { : s, | l, : t, : r | s : m : r }

Ah! dear one, How oft - en I

*mp accel. rit. p poco accel. poco rit.*

||<sup>dr</sup> : t, : l, | s, :- : d . d | r :- :- | - : m : r | s, :- :- | - : : s, | l, : t, : r |

think of the past, Can it be..... you for - get?..... Per-chance'twas a

*a tempo*

{ : s : m : r | <sup>dr</sup> : t, : l, | s, :- : d . d | t, :- :- | - : r e : s | m :- :- | - : : s, |

passion too wond'rous to last, But I dream..... of it yet!..... I

|| 1. : t : r | s : m : r | d : t : l | s : - : d | r : - : - }

see you a - gain, as you gazed in my eyes With joy.....

|| - : m : r | s : - : - | - : : s | d : t : l | d : t : l | t : r : s }

..... all a - light!..... So fond - ly you'd fold me, as soft - ly you

|| 1. : s : l | t : r : t | r : l : t | r : - : - | - : - : - ||

told me Of Love, thro' the star sprinkled night.....

*rit.* *più rit.*

Valse lente

{ m : f : s | t : - : - | l : s : l | m : - : - | s : l : d | m : - : r , m | l : - : - }

Sweet summer breeze, whis-per-ing trees, Stars shin-ing soft - ly a - bove;.....

*ppp molto espress.*

{ - : - : - | f : s : l | m : - : - | r : d : r | l : - : - | t : d : r | t : - : l . t }

..... Ros-es in bloom, waft - ed per - fume, Sleepy birds dream - ing of

*pp*

{ m : - : - | - : - : - | m : f : s | t : - : - | l : s : l | m : - : - | s : l : d }

love..... Safe in your arms, far from a - larms Day-light shall

*pp*

{ m : r . m | l : : - : - | - : - : - | d' : t, : d | t : - : - | l : fe, : s, | f : - : - }

come but in vain,..... Ten-der-ly press'd close to my breast,

*ten.*

*dim.*

{ m : l, : - | m : t, : - . m | d : - : - | - : - : | m : m : - . m | m : - : - | fe : fe : - }

Kiss me, Kiss me a - gain!..... Kiss me a - gain! Kiss me,

*poco a poco rall. e dim.*

*pp poco a poco rall e dim.*

*molto rit.*

{ s : s : - s | d' : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : - | : : : ||

Kiss me a - gain!.....

*ppp*

*molto accel. sempre*

*pp*

## KISS ME AGAIN.

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Ah! dear one, how often I think of the past!  
Can it be you forget?  
Perchance 'twas a passion too wondrous to last,  
But I dream of it yet!  
I see you again, as you gazed in my eyes,  
With joy all alight,  
So fondly you'd fold me as softly you told me  
Of Love through the star-sprinkled night.

Sweet summer breeze, whispering trees,  
Stars shining softly above;  
Roses in bloom, wafted perfume,  
Sleepy birds dreaming of love.  
Safe in your arms, far from alarms,  
Day-light shall come but in vain.  
Tenderly pressed close to your breast,  
Kiss me! Kiss me again!

*Henry Blossom.*